

## CHARIVARIA.

THE Boer Generals have returned from their collecting tour. The British contribution of three millions still heads the list.

It is announced that the Royal Yacht is to be fitted with telescopic masts. Will the work be undertaken by the same firm that makes our patent collapsible torpedo-boat destroyers?

In view of the decision that *The Eternal City*, at His Majesty's, is to be followed by a play of SHAKESPEARE'S, "An Admirer of HALL CAINE" (said to be Mr. HALL CAINE himself) writes to say that SHAKESPEARE'S play would have had a better chance if it had preceded Mr. CAINE'S play.

A prisoner has found a way of getting even with the Bench. At Maidstone last week a sailor, before being sentenced to three years' penal servitude for burglary, made a forty-five minutes' speech in his own defence.

County Court Judges are insisting on solicitors wearing gowns, and now comes the announcement that six leading members of the profession will shortly give a skirt dance at a concert to be held in aid of a legal charity.

As November 9 falls this year on a Sunday, it has been suggested that the Lord Mayor's Show might appropriately be held on November 5 instead.

A new rule in Ping-Pong has been promulgated. It concerns the service, which many had declared was going to the dogs. England, Wales and Scotland, as a whole, are in favour of the new rule, but there is some anxiety as to what the attitude of Ireland and the Colonies will be.

The British Government has received a politely-worded communication from the Russian Government proposing that direct relations of a non-political character may be established between Russia and Afghanistan "with regard to frontier matters." In a politely-worded reply the British Government is enquiring whether "frontier matters" will include the shifting of the frontier of Russia-in-Asia from one side of Afghanistan to the other.

Mr. CORSER, of Worship Street, has been ordering the destruction of pirated songs. As between Corsairs, this hardly shows a proper *esprit de corps*.



*Son of Shooting Tenant (whose coverts have just been drawn blank).* "I SAY, MISTER HUNTS-MAN, IF YOU WANT TO FIND A CUB, I THINK WE HAD BETTER GO TO THE HEAD-KEEPER'S COTTAGE; I HEARD HIM TELL DAD THAT HE HAD DUG THEM ALL OUT OF THEIR HOLES. I SUPPOSE HE IS KEEPING THEM AS PETS, YOU KNOW!"

A British force in Somaliland has discovered that though the Mad Mullah may not be responsible for his actions, yet he fights them well.

And the Mad Mullah is said to have nicknamed our Foreign Minister the Mad Muddlah.

People are still asking why the operations in Somaliland were under the direction of the Foreign Minister. Why not? The matter was foreign to him.

Meanwhile, Viscount CRANBORNE has assured us that reinforcements are on the way, and when these have met with a reverse, through inadequate numbers, arrangements will be made for further reinforcements.

The rumour that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL is dramatising the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is unconfirmed. It is probable, however, that a ballet, founded on some of the leading incidents of section *Bosh-Bunkum*, will be presented at one of the Music Halls.

A distinguished journalist has informed the public that he invariably jots down ideas—to be subsequently worked up into articles—at the moment of their occurrence. In illustration of the good results of this practice he states that an idea, which was afterwards worth five guineas, once came to him when he was washing his hands. Fired by this example, several journalists have made arrangements for taking a complete bath.

## A FRACTIOUS PARTY.

[On Wednesday night the Prime Minister, in declining to give the Irish a day unless a motion should be put down under the official auspices of the Opposition, alluded to the Irish Members as a "section" of the Liberal Party. Interrupted by a protest, he substituted the word "fraction," an elementary term in arithmetic. This was regarded by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR as the language of insult. An attempt is here made to reproduce this gentleman's attitude of mind.]

SIR, there are words that leave behind  
A singularly nauseous flavour;  
Like caviare, in the general mind  
They yield a salt and bitter savour;  
Whether conveyed in heartless jest  
Or in the nervous heat of action,  
They tend to sear the victim's breast—  
And such is "fraction."

Viewed by itself the word is void  
Of all that might offend the feelings;  
It is, in fact, a term employed  
Largely in calculative dealings;  
But in its context, as applied  
To Ireland—I could mention cases  
Where men, for lesser cause, have died,  
Shot in their traces.

Strange force may lurk in trivial terms;  
Take *cochon* (pig)—a harmless title,  
At which your Frenchman frankly squirms,  
Deeming its sense profoundly vital;  
Old friends again have gone their ways,  
And ties been rent of man and brother,  
Through such a simple-sounding phrase  
As "You're another!"

Now, what, Sir, did the Premier do?  
In seeming innocence of heart he  
Was pleased to call our patriot crew  
A "section" of the Liberal Party!  
Is that a name with which to seal  
A race that flouts the so-called Lion;  
Leaders of Men, like SWIFT MACNEILL  
Or BILL O'BRIEN?

We come of blood uniquely Celt,  
A self-contained and single nation,  
So recognised by ROOSEVELT  
(When he declined our invitation);  
We are the orb, the perfect thing;  
The rest are "sections"; we enlist 'em  
To serve as satellites and swing  
Around our system.

"Section" forsooth! He chose the term,  
No doubt by way of vile derision,  
As used for bits of frog or worm  
Demanding microscopic vision!  
Then in the lexicon of shame  
He found new filth for our detraction,  
And from a "section" we became  
A vulgar "fraction."

Now, MR. SPEAKER, let me say  
How we, the types of cool decorum,  
We love—none better—to obey  
The rules that guide this noble forum;  
But there are words that wound too much  
And will not brook supine inaction;  
And "section," Sir, is one of such,  
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## A KISS AND A BLOW.

If an American Minister's dictum be true that "a man who never makes a mistake will never make anything," then, one of these days, or nights, MR. FRANK STAYTON, author of *Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss*, ought to make a name as a playwright, or better, as a dramatist; and the other FRANK, MR. FRANK CURZON, who, being lessee and manager of the Avenue, is the party responsible for the selection of this play, will also hit upon some work of dramatic talent or genius that will take the town by storm and atone for this "Kiss and nothing more."

From "other lips" belonging to comedians less clever than Miss ANNIE HUGHES, FLORENCE ST. JOHN, ELLIS JEFFREYS, NANCY CLIVE, aided by Messrs. FRANK MILLS, SCOTT-BUIST, G. BERNAGE, and SOTHERN, the somewhat commonplace dialogue would probably not have commanded the attention respectfully accorded to it by an audience conscious of the author having given to four acts what could have been effectively told in one.

*Nil desperandum*, Mr. STAYTON, and, as *Cardinal Richelieu* hath it, "There's no such word as fail!" "No," quoth Mr. F. CURZON aside, "there's no such word; there's the thing!"

## 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

[An American scientist has come to the conclusion that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose their beauty.]

O PHYLLIS, once no task to me was sweeter  
Than, grasping my enthusiastic quill,  
To hymn your charms; erratic though the metre,  
It gained in fervour what it lacked in skill.  
But now, alas, those charms are like to vanish.  
Without preamble duty bids me speak.  
The rumour runs that you are learning Spanish,  
And also—simultaneously—Greek.

Those eyes, to which I loved to dash off stanzas,  
No longer gaze, as erstwhile, into mine;  
They're fixed on *Quixote's* deeds, or *Sancho Panza's*,  
Or rest upon some *Æschylean* line.  
Or, as you spell *THUCYDIDES* his speeches,  
Your face assumes a look of care and pain.  
O PHYLLIS, heed the moral that it teaches,  
And cease to run the risk of growing plain.

Shun, I implore, the vampire Education.  
Be guided by my excellent advice.  
You owe a solemn duty to the nation—  
Simply to give your mind to looking nice.  
Learning may be acquired, but beauty never;  
Dry books, believe me, were not meant for you.  
Be fair, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
If brains are wanted, I've enough for two.

## "The Donation of Constantine-Morley."

Mr. John Morley (presenting the late Lord ACTON's collection to His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Chancellor of Cambridge, for the University Library). I deliver this as my Acton deed. (Gratefully to the DUKE) "For this relief much thanks."

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire (graciously). For the present (thanks) you may consider the matter shelved.

[Exchange courtesies, and exeunt severally.]

NEW NAME FOR A POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER.—MR. MAX BEERBOHM.



## A MAN OF HIS WORD.

*Russian Bear still in Manchuria). "I SAID I'D GO, AND—HERE I AM!"*



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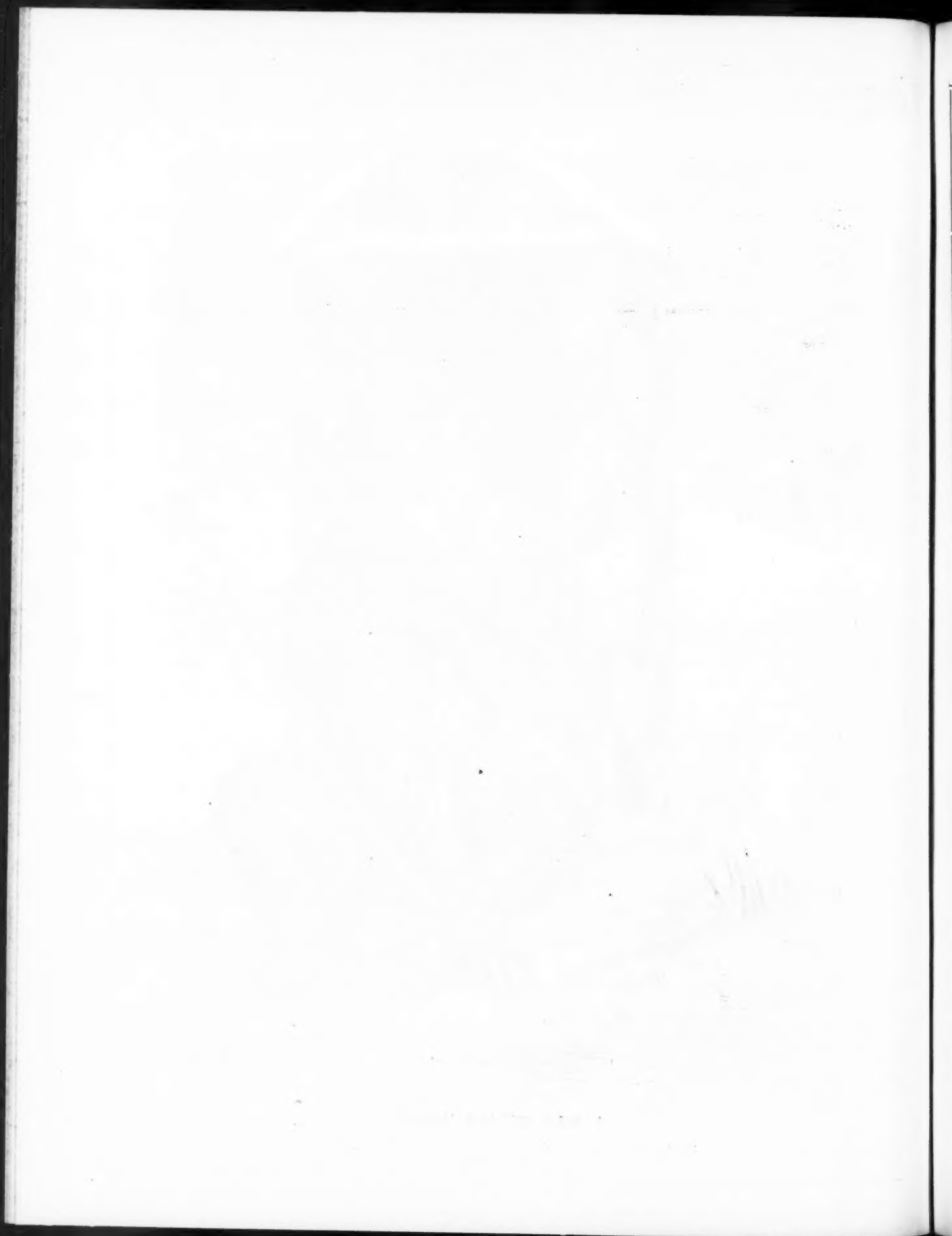
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## THE SO-SO STORIES.

## II.—HOW THE CAMPBELL JOINED THE BANNERMAN.



IN the middle of the High Old Times, Dearly Beloved, there was a bright and bumptious flag-wagging Dingo-Jingo called the BANNERMAN, who lived on the right bank of the River Hyphen and fed on khaki, krumpets, kordite, and everything that began with a K. And he had a neighbour, a canny, clump-soled Ikki Tikki Ingland named CAMPBELL, who lived on the wrong bank of the River Hyphen, Dearly Beloved, eating shamrocks and leeks and other green and gollopsous things washed down by streams of fact.

Now there was also, Dearly Beloved, a large and unwieldy monster called the

Tory-Lory, with a huge majority and an unruly tail, which ate up everything it could stick its teeth in. When it could not catch Boers and Bulls and sich, it was reduced to eating PERKS and PRIMROSES, and when it could not catch them its Mummy told it to eat Ikki Tikki Inglandas. And this brings us to the story, Dearly Beloved.

One day the Tory Lory was more than usually hungry and appetitional, so he went out to see what he could find to fill his vacuous and voluminous interior withal, and opening his left eye (like this, Dearly Beloved), he caught sight of CAMPBELL on one bank of the River Hyphen and BANNERMAN on the other. Then the Tory Lory stroked his capacious waistcoat and smacked his lips and approached his unconscious and deglutitious quarry simultaneously on both sides of the river at once.

Now up to that time, Dearly Beloved, the CAMPBELL and the BANNERMAN were not good friends at all, and they used to call each other most 'fensive and 'probrious names across the salt and



Bannerman and Campbell, with the Tory Lory coming on both sides of the river.



Campbell and Bannerman in their trim and tumfy tabernacle.

succulent surface of the River Hyphen. The Dingo Jingo used to call the Ikki Tikki Ingland a Double Dyed Doppet, and the Ikki Tikki Ingland used to retort by calling BANNERMAN a Union Jackass, which was very wrong, Dearly Beloved. But when they saw the Tory Lory approaching with a voracious expression on his benign but beefy countenance, they both spontaneously sprang into the river, uttering loud cries of apathetic indignation.

Now, just at this moment, when they were both simultaneously sinking for the third time, Old Man SMOOTHER was paddling along in his light green Westminster canoe, with a 'digious twopenny tube of Seccotine, and he leaned out on one side and pulled in CAMPBELL, and he leaned out on the other and pulled in BANNERMAN, and he unscrewed the 'digious tube of Seccotine and stuck them firmly together. And when he saw what Old Man SMOOTHER had done, the Tory Lory moved off into pastures new, because, although his genial gastric juices could manage CAMPBELL or cope with BANNERMAN one at a time, the two together were too much for him. And now CAMPBELL and BANNERMAN live happily together in a trim and tumfy tabernacle in the shadow of the Caucus tree.

I've never been to Chesterfield,  
Nor yet to Primrose Hill;  
But the CAMPBELL and the BANNERMAN  
Can go there when they will.  
Yes, week-endly from Waterloo  
Great Pullmans, black and gold,



Go rolling to the Durdans  
With their imperial burdens  
(Roll down, roll down to Durdans).  
O, I'd like to see the Durdans  
Some day before I'm old.

I've never seen a Muggywump,  
Nor yet a Boerophil  
Ophilling up a Cabinet,  
And I 'spose I never will,  
Unless I join a trio  
And come out of the cold,—  
A Tabernacle Trio  
(*Maestoso ma con brio*)  
PRIMROSE and PERKS and me, O!  
O, I'd love to see that trio  
Some day before I'm old.

### HOW TO GET ON.

#### NO. II.—THE ARMY.

(Concluded.)

LAST week I tried to show you what certain people, whose views I set out, really intended when they spoke of the Army. I should not do justice to my subject if I failed to refer to what was said by an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. As you know, he sent a shudder of alarm through the country by denouncing outside influence and favouritism as the twin banes of the War Office and the Army. Nobody is quite sure what he meant, and, like a wise man, he proposes to choose his own time and place for making further explanations. But in the meantime various opinions are put forward. One observer imagined a War Office and an Army controlled by the monstrous regiment of women. Pall Mall and the House of Commons were pictured as entirely subservient to petticoats, withholding promotions until they were countersigned by the plump and jewelled hand of a charmer, pushing incompetence steadily along when it happened to shine with the reflected light of a woman's eyes, and depressing honest merit because it happened to know nothing of elbow-gloves and lovers' glances. It was a lurid description, and we may be permitted to hope that things are not really so bad as all that. Still, if a certain experience of human nature teaches one anything it is this,—that the support and encouragement of women are not to be neglected even by the sternest soldier. Don't we all know, for instance, of at least one Colonel of a regiment—some of us know more—who, in spite of the ferocity of his moustache and the gruffness of his voice, is entirely dominated by his wife? Any officer who fetches and carries for her, who attends her parties with regularity, and helps her little plans, and generally shows himself to be both serviceable and agreeable—well, what-

ever else may happen to him, it's quite certain he'll never be noted with a bad mark in any private report the Colonel may have to make. And there are others.

There is that magnificent old martinet, General FURBELOE. He's six feet four in his stockinged feet, and there's a wild red scar right across his aggressive face. He was the best athlete, the hardest rider (when he could find a horse to carry him), and the wildest liver of the whole Army in his young days. Now he's a mere puppet in the hands of Lady FURBELOE. She selects his staff, sees to it that his name is kept constantly before the public, writes all the telling parts in his speeches, and keeps him hard at the work of worrying the War Office. She's a good friend to her friends—but Heaven help the unfortunate officer who falls under her capricious censure. She pursues him with a deadly malignity that leaves him no rest, and wherever she can put her private bar across his avenues of promotion you may be sure that she will execute the job with particular neatness and despatch.

The obvious moral is this:—If you come within the General's military scope, get into good terms with the lady. And why not—after all? She's not a bad sort, if you know how to take her.

Ought soldiers to be bookworms? Ought they to bother their heads with JOMINI and HAMLEY and the rest—or ought they simply, the mass of them, that is to say, to keep on in their old light-hearted, sporting, polo-playing way? The pundits, of course, are all for the books, but I'm not so sure. What is the use, after all, of the pundits and the public talking big about reforming the army and making it neces-

sary for an officer to devote his time strictly to his professional work, sparing such leisure as he can for the study of military literature—what, I ask, is the use of all this chaos and welter of talk unless you can change the nature of the British public itself? The British public doesn't love devotion to work; it detests studying books—and you can't expect that your British officer is going to be so much better than the public from which he springs. All this chatter about reform, whether of the War Office or the Army, will end, as all such chatter has always ended, in nothing. The War Office, preposterous and absurd as it is, will never be altered. It will continue to muddle and waste and blunder, and the abused British officer will have to march and fight and get us all out of scrapes in spite of the dead weight of the ridiculous institution which manages and controls him. Until you've altered the War Office, abolished its root and branch, you may as well leave the British officer alone. For he's brave, he can fight, and he's perfectly ready to die. That's not everything, possibly—but I can't help thinking it ought to count.

On the whole, then, you had better try to get on in the Army by moving along the old lines. And it's quite probable that when you reach the patriarchal age of forty you'll find yourself out of the Army and unfitted for any other profession.

#### The New Belt Case.

OUR democratic age moves fast,  
The masses all along the line are winning;  
The rule of belted earls is past,  
The rule of belted hooligans beginning.



#### SUGGESTED HELMET FOR ARMY MOTORISTS.

THE NEW HELMET AS ORDINARILY WORN. | THE SAME, AS WORN ON MOTOR DUTY.

Directions:—Simply unhook the lower portion of the Helmet; thereby extending the collapsible weather- and dust-proof mask. Admirable also as a disguise.



## TO ANTHONY HOPE.

(By a Susceptible Reviewer.)

GOOD ANTHONY (I need not say  
We always pardon your "intrusions"),  
I've read your book, and wish to lay  
Before you some of my conclusions.  
Where other heroines are concerned  
I pay my homage quite discreetly,  
But charming *Peggy Ryle* has turned  
My head, and captured me completely.

Of her attractions to indite

Is not the purpose of these stanzas;  
Enough that, if her purse was light,  
Her face and heart were both Bonanzas.  
Enough to hazard the surmise—

Most cheering in this vale of trouble—  
That somewhere under English skies  
*Peggy* must have a living double.

She had her failings, I admit,

Professed a creed remote from TUPPER'S,  
And oft unchaperoned would sit  
At very late Bohemian suppers.  
But she was innocent of guile,  
She softened hearts, however stony;  
She helped the lame dog o'er the stile,  
And shared a windfall with a crony.

Imagine then my state of mind,

My curiosity unsated,  
When reaching the last page I find  
*Peggy* remains unmatched, unmated!  
O tantalising Mr. HOPE,  
Your endings only are beginnings;  
Give your invention further scope,  
Give *Peggy Ryle* another innings!

## THE EDUCATION BILL.

(The Views of the only Party hitherto Silent.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have had a cold in my head and bean at home and so heard my daddy talking a lot he is a schoolmaster. He said so much about a bill and some claws that I thout it must be about a bird, very likely a parrot as it seems to be always talking. But at last I found it was some new law made by parlimment and the house of comons and a mister balfer about the scools. And there is a gentleman called u sessil my daddy dussunt seem to like. I think this mister u sessil must be a dredful man for my daddy calls him a easserdottylis. I dont know what that means but I think it must be something awful as it is such a long word. Well when I new it was about scools I listnd more cos I am going away to scool next year and askd my daddy some qestions but he said I was to prokashus whatever that is but I found nobody had ritten what the children think but only the groanups who always want to setle everything.

So now I rite to say that it can all be settled easely. The groanups don no



Scientific and Nervous Visitor at Country Hotel. "I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO 'PTOMAIN' IN THIS PIE?"

Waiter (quite equal to the occasion). "No, SIR. WE NEVER PUTS THAT IN UNLESS SPECIALLY ORDERED!"

what they want but we children do and that is no scools at all. I am quite sure that wood be best and then I shodnt have to go to scool next year. My daddy said the frenshmen have shut up there scools and a frenshlady my mother nose told me franse is a great naiton so y not do the same hear.

My brother horace has helpt me with the spelling of this letter. He says heed a jolly site rather play cricket or footer than mug away with such awful rot as aljibber whatever that is. But he says no one will mind what a kid rites. He always talks like that cos ime only 8.

So I hope you will tell mister balfer and

mister sissil not to trubble about there law cos we children dont want eny scools. Yours afectionatly KID.

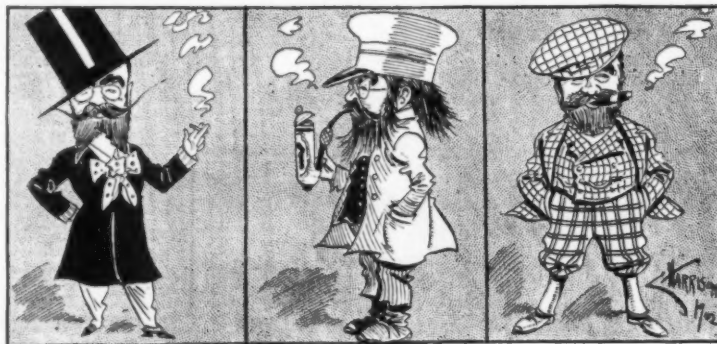
p.s. This is what is called an ennominus letter for if my daddy saw my name he wood say little boys shuld be seen and not herd.

## A Hardy Annual.

Old Lady. Ay, if I live to Christmas I'll be an Octogeranium.

SEASONABLE SONG TO THE MAN WITH THE COALS. — "Heaver of thee I'm fondly dreaming."

## THE INTERNATIONAL BOER; OR, ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.



IN FRANCE.  
We are of Huguenot  
blood.

IN GERMANY.  
We are of Low German  
descent.

IN ENGLAND.  
We are of British  
nationality.

## THE EDITOR'S TRAGEDY.

[Miss M-R-E C-R-L-LI has written to the *Gentlewoman* to complain that her name was not mentioned among the distinguished persons who were in the Royal Enclosure at Braemar. Contrariwise—as Tweedledum would say—the same lady has compelled Messrs. GRAVES & Co. to publish an apology in a conspicuous position in a Daily Paper for having allowed a reproduction of a portrait of her to appear in a magazine.]

THE Editor sat in his easy chair,  
He seemed oppressed with a weight of care,  
His eyes were wild. There were straws in his hair.

'Twas clear from his look he was much distressed.  
What was the anguish that wrung his breast?

What was it racked his soul with pain?  
Listen a moment, and I'll explain.

This excellent person chanced to edit  
A Magazine—with conspicuous credit,  
Thousands of pretty young ladies read it.

And month after month he filled its pages  
With matter adapted to various ages.

There were photographs of noblemen's houses,  
And notes on the latest fashion in blouses,

Paper patterns for making dresses,  
And portraits of eminent authoresses,

Hints on the cradle and how to rock it,  
A new design for a lady's pocket,  
And part of a novel by Mr. CR-CK-TT!

But the time arrived—as such times will—  
When the Editor had a page to fill,

And no one can envy an Editor's billet  
With a page to fill and nothing to fill it!

Should he publish a note upon "Knitted Purses"?  
Or a few remarks on "Hospital Nurses"?  
Or some of the Laureate's faultless verses?

Or some "Useful patterns for crochet mats"?  
Or a paper on "Lady BARKING's cats"?

Or "A new receipt for blackberry jelly"?  
Or "The latest portrait of Miss C-R-L-LI"?

The Editor's brow grew overcast.  
He felt he would greatly prefer the last—  
But if she objected— He stopped aghast!

## THE CALIBAN CRYPTOGRAM.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—I see in your issue of Oct. 15 that you suggest the name Caliban as cryptographic for *cannibal*, and that you quote "Not a relation for a breakfast." In this connection I venture to cite from the "lively picturesque account" of Dr. JOHNSON's visit to Cambridge in 1765: "As to JOHNSON . . . he came down on a Saturday evening . . . Caliban, you may be sure, was not roused from his lair before next day noon, and his breakfast probably kept him till night." On the Monday evening we hear that he "stripped poor Mrs. MACAULAY to the very skin, then gave her for his toast, and drank her in two bumpers."

Don't think he was making a needless fuss,  
The problem was grave, and he reasoned thus:

"I'm told she feels such acute distress  
At seeing her name in the popular Press!

"That she thinks the Public unduly curious,  
And the smallest paragraph makes her furious!

"And yet"—the Editor bit his pen—  
"She makes an exception now and then.  
If only I knew exactly *when*!

"But when the exception applies," quoth he,  
"And when the rule, I fail to see.  
It isn't as clear as it ought to be!"

The Editor sat up the whole night through,  
Weighing the matter—and so would you.

Think of the rise in his circulation  
If he gave that picture to the nation!

But think of the talented lady's rage  
When her eye was caught by the pictured page!

"If I publish the thing," said this worthy man,  
"It'll sell from Beersheba to Dan;—  
But she'll have the law of me if she can.

"On the other hand if I leave it out,  
She's certain to make a terrible rout.

"And whichever I do it seems to me  
I shall have to print an apology,  
And a beastly nuisance *that* will be!"

The Editor sat for several days,  
And looked at the thing in a hundred ways;

Week after week he tried and tried  
To settle the matter, but couldn't decide.

His once fine intellect grew less clear  
As the weeks went by and the day drew near  
When the fatal number ought to appear.

Fresh doubts on the subject daily racked him,  
Symptoms of brain disease attacked him,  
And at last, I'm told, his proprietors sacked him!

MOTTO FOR BULL-DOG (suffering as usual from chronic nasal stricture).—Bite is right!

## THE COUNCILLOR'S CRY.

["The Yorkshire County Council has intimated its unwillingness to undertake the additional work which the Education Bill proposes to impose upon it."—*Daily Paper*.]

With long debates  
On roads and rates  
Our weary pates  
Are brimming o'er;  
Gas, paving, lights  
And urban sites,  
Fill days and nights  
With trouble sore.

Sing hey for me! Sing wey for me!  
Sing hey, lackaday for the poor C.C.  
His woes are growing more and more.  
Sing hey, lackaday for the Councillor!

For now we fear,  
From what we hear,  
More work is near,  
Though no more pence;  
It is our fate  
To educate  
The empty pate  
And teach it sense.

We've got to race  
From place to place,  
Devouring space  
With lightning flight;  
Inspecting schools  
And desks and stools,  
And making rules,  
From morn to night.

We've got to hear  
The children dear  
In accents clear  
Their lessons say;  
Their A B C  
And rule of three,  
Geographee,  
*Et cetera*.

In books we guide  
The taste untried,  
And we decide  
On what is what;  
We say how far  
Your dances are  
Quite secular,  
And how far not.

And when at last  
Our woes are past,  
Another blast

Our quiet stirs:  
Brains, everything  
We've got to bring  
To managing  
The managers.

Sing hey for me! Sing wey for me!  
Sing hey, lackaday for the poor C.C.  
Sing ho! Sing wo! With a heart that's  
sore!  
Sing hey, lackaday for the Councillor!

HORACE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF PIRATED  
SONGS.—*Delere licebit quod non edideris*.



*She (to visitor, who has been ill).* "I HOPE YOU HAVE DECIDED TO GO AWAY?"  
*Visitor.* "YES, I'M GOING TO-MORROW." *She.* "I'M SO GLAD!"

## OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE.

THERE has recently been somewhat of a slump in nonsense riddles, and the latest that we've heard bandied about during the last two months, viz., "Why did WILLIAM TELL?—Because the Apple split," recalls a familiar couplet in a once popular burlesque (at a time when burlesques *were* burlesques, and *were* popular) by TALFOURD and HALE, or by TALFOURD alone, wherein the Swiss archer turns to GESSLER, by whom he has been denounced as a conspirator, and exclaims:—

"I tell you I am TELL who made that hit!  
Would WILLIAM tell before the apple split?  
Never!" etc., etc.

And then he finishes up with his battle-cry for life and liberty, "*Telle est la vie!*" which was the cue for a "grand finale" to the scene. History repeats puns as it repeats itself.

## A Muddled Musician.

SIR,—I see that Messrs. NOVELLO are about to issue an edition of HANDEL's *Messiah*. There is, the P. M. G. informs us, "no possible cessation" of "the controversy which rages around HANDEL's most gigantic composition." Presumably Messrs. NOVELLO will throw some light on the subject; yet it is evidently a matter that "No-vello can understand."  
Yours, AN OLD SCORE (unsettled).





### BYE-ELECTION HUMOURS.

*Free and Independent Voter.* "WULL, IF THEY CAN'T ZEND ZUMMAT BETTER THAN THIO THER CART TO FETCH I TO THE POLI, I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO VOTE. ZO THERE'S AN END OF IT; AND YOU CAN GO BACK AN' TELL 'UM ZO!"

### THE PROTEST OF THE TIME-EXPIRED.

"Subject to the requirements of training, the soldier's time will be so apportioned that he has at his disposal on each day a certain definite period of leisure. This period will not be broken into for fatigue and working parties, except in circumstances of exceptional urgency."—*Army Order.*

"In order to augment the number of discharged soldiers employed in military establishments at home, and especially now when so many men are being discharged on return from South Africa, the general officers commanding districts have been directed to supply the War Office with information as to employment (such as orderlies, barrack labourers, &c.) in their districts, which they can recommend for occupation (*sic*) by ex-soldiers."—*"Times" Military Intelligence.*

BILL, 'as you 'eard the latest plan for 'elpin' you and me?  
They'll 'ave us back at the barracks, as 'is where we'd like to be:

But it ain't to stiffen the youngsters, same as you might suppose,  
Nor to teach 'em them ways of the Army as only the veteran knows.

No—they say as the new style of soldiers 'as got such 'aughty souls,

That they can't do nothin' so menial as sweepin' or carryin' coals;

So it's you and me they're invitin', as a favour, BILL, if you please,

To earn a livin' by doin' fatigue for a grousin' lot like these.

They say as the modern soldier must cultivate 'is brain,  
An' 'e mustn't do too much barrick work, cos 'e couldn' stand the strain;

'E's 'is country's brave defender, an' it wouldn't be right to expeck

As 'e'll turn 'is 'and to doing jobs as 'd ruin 'is self-respect.

Well—there's me as charged at Omdurman in the 'ottest part of the fight,

There's you as lay on Spion Kop for a day an' 'alf a night—  
It strikes me, BILL, as we've 'ad our share in up'oldin' our country's name,

Yet we took our fatigue like our fightin', an' done it just as it came.

There's you 'ud 'ave been lance-corporil if your Sargint 'ad treated you fair,

There's me was known in the squadron as the daringest rider there;—

An' are we to be used for the dirty work, now as our duty's done,

While the rookies loll round the barrick-room fire or loaf about in the sun?

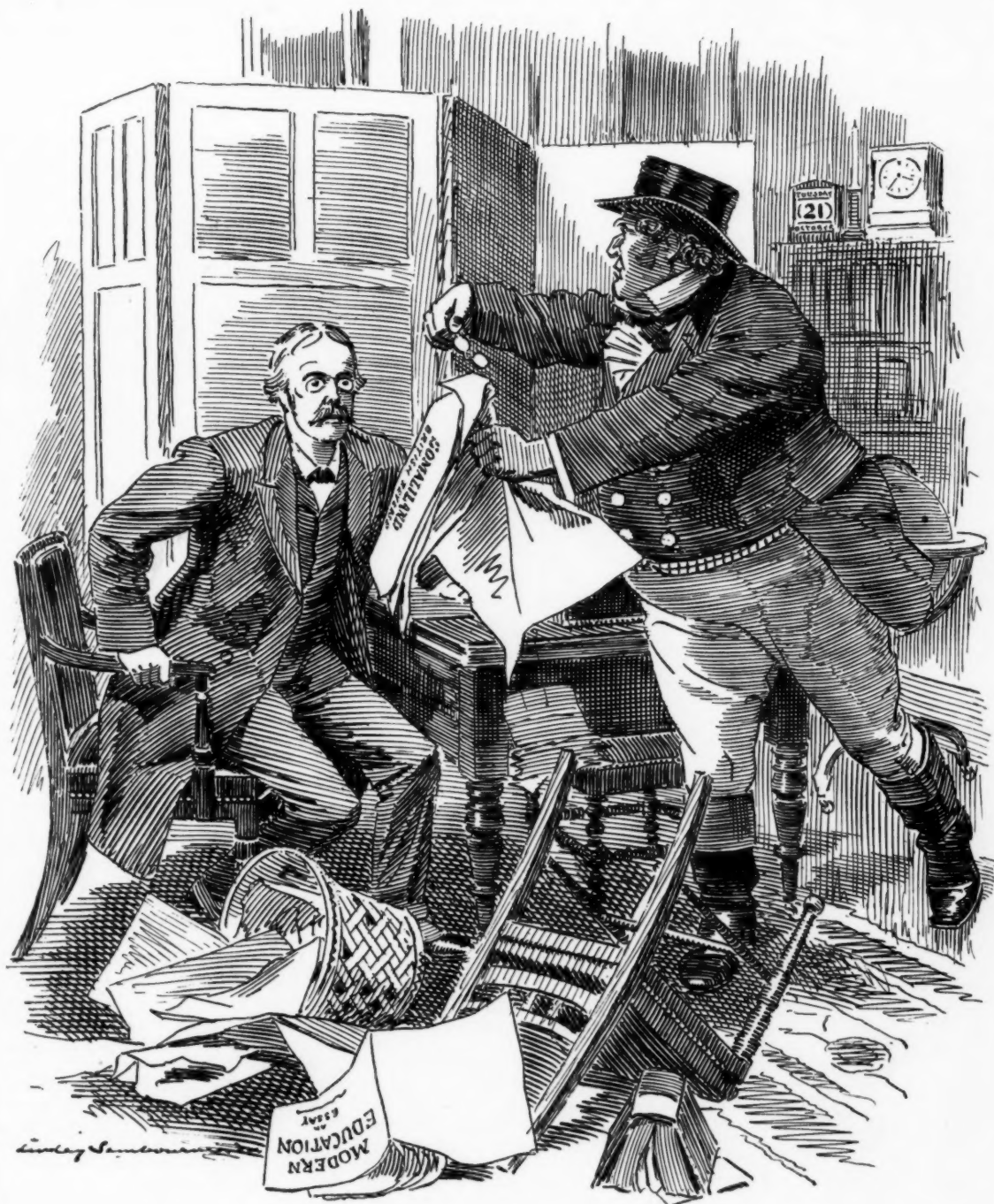
I may be out at elbows, BILL, I mayn't 'ave nowhere to go,  
But I'd sooner die in the workus than own I'd sunk so low  
As to arst to be taken on agin, as a speshul act of grace,  
To wait on a lot of 'alf-fledged frauds as doesn't know their place.

Of course they 'ave meant it kindly, to give us some reg'lar pay,  
But they don't know 'uman nature if they think we'll take it that way;

It may be the Army trainin' as 'as got to be rectified,  
But if it ain't taught us nothin' else, it's taught us some proper pride.

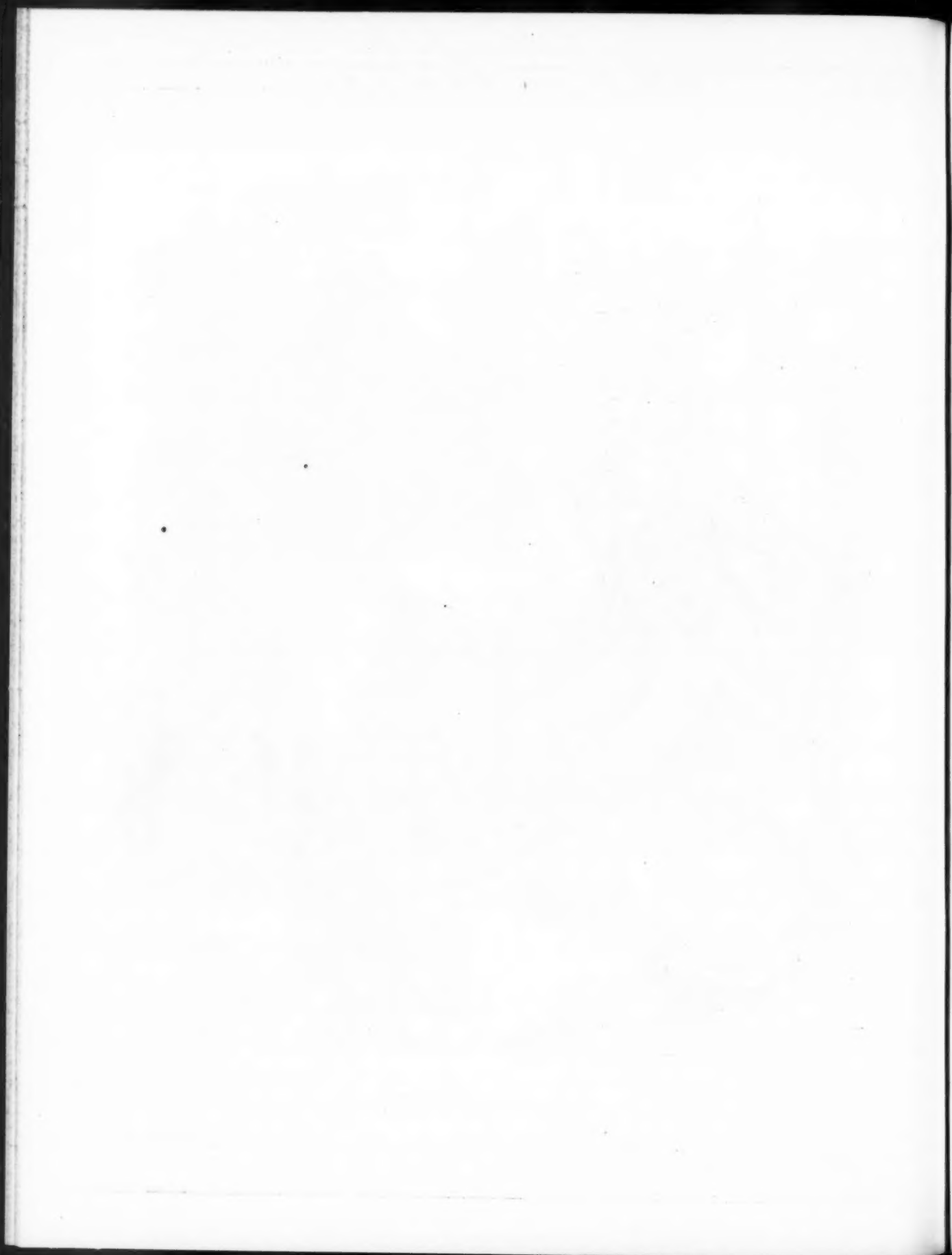
"WITHIN THE MEMORY OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT."—A gentleman, writing to the *Standard* on the subject of the "great tree of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire," says:—"If I recollect aright the tree was used as a parish landmark one thousand years ago." The italics are Mr. Punch's invention.





### INCORRIGIBLE.

MR. BULL (*angrily*). "LOOK HERE! YOU FELLOWS HAVE NO SOONER MUDDLED THROUGH ONE BAD BUSINESS THAN YOU MUDDLE INTO ANOTHER!"



**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 20.*—Newcomers to the Commons who have heard or read of good old days of Parnellite obstruction, when all-night sittings were of regular occurrence,

below Gangway, bubbling with delight at discovery that in matter of mean perfidy an Irishman has gone one better than his race. From various benches Irish Members spring up to shout fresh accusation. In vain the SPEAKER stands crying, "Order! Order!" "Answer! Answer!" they roar, bend-

his colleagues as being the very man for Committee on National Expenditure now sitting at Westminster.

"We appreciate him more in his prison than if he were in this House," says the gallant Captain, and wonders why gentlemen opposite laugh.

As our dear DU MAURIER used to say, it is one of the things that might have been put differently.

Later WILLIAM O'BRIEN, shaking his fist at Chief Secretary, hissed between clenched teeth the enquiry, "What are the Government going to do besides shivering at that Table?" A terrible thought sympathetically froze the blood of Members. Was it possible that GEORGE WYNDHAM, usually a carefully dressed man, in momentary absence of mind, unconsciously influenced by association with Irish politics, had forgotten to put on his—? No, he was fully clad. O'BRIEN's way of putting it was merely a flower of speech designed to convey to Irish peasants, and American audiences addressed by JOHN REDMOND and JOHN DILLON, a picture of abject condition to which His MAJESTY's Ministers are reduced by Nationalist Members at Westminster.

Surely such labourers are worthy of their hire.

*Business done.*—Education Bill, jammed between Irish row lasting from 2.15 to 2.55 P.M., another occupying evening sitting, made slight progress.

*Tuesday night.*—Cousin HUGH could stand 'it no longer. His sufferings since



MERELY AN ALLEGORY FROM WESTMINSTER.

"Misther Shepker, Sorr, wid the gratest re-speck to yew, Sorr, I—"

when the larder was kept stocked with grilled bones, when Mr. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was accustomed to sleep on two chairs in the Library, turn eagerly to taste revival of the feast nightly spread under the genial direction of WILLIAM O'BRIEN. Provided again to-night; already growing tiresome.

"It's hashed obstruction," says the MEMBER FOR SARK; "badly cooked at that."

SARK lived through good old days alluded to; is able to institute comparisons and form judgment. Except for the noise it certainly is dull; depressing monotony. SWIFT MACNEILL shoots up, folds his arms, and, threateningly shaking his head at HUGH CECIL, who has just come in and knows nothing about anything, says, "Now, Mr. SPEAKER." Then, with increasing emphasis of manner and rolling of the head, comes a question imputing old Venetian iniquity to some of his own countrymen.

To-night, for example, affirmed that when the resident magistrates forwarded to SPEAKER report of committal to prison of Irish Members, Irish gentlemen in Dublin Castle deliberately burked the document. Here uprises storm of boo-hooing from other Irish gentlemen

ing angry glances on the Chief Secretary.

In comparative lull WYNDHAM rises to reply. Instantly storm bursts again. Having angrily insisted on his answering, with noisier ebullience they refuse to let his voice be heard. Waiting opportunity he speaks with provoking calmness and courtesy. In circumstances alluded to, he says, resident magistrates communicate direct with the SPEAKER. Their letters do not pass through Dublin Castle. *Argal*, the hon. Member for Donegal must be in error when he says they are there stolen and destroyed.

That is pretty conclusive, even in Irish debate. Does the lineal descendant of GODWIN SWIFT, uncle and guardian of Dean SWIFT, admit that he has been misinformed, withdraw the monstrous charge and apologise? Not he. He sits quiet for a few happy moments, whilst others of the Heavenly Choir below the Gangway go off on fresh tacks.

Only now and then at rare intervals flashes over this quagmire of rowdy invective a gleam of humour. Then it is unconscious. DONELAN laments the enforced absence of Mr. REDDY, who, imprisoned in distant Tullamore for six months and not being a bird, strikes



WHAT MR. ELL-S GR-F-TH REALLY MEANT.

"The Turnip and the Light."

Mr. ELL-S Gr-f-th said, "The noble lord is the apple and the light of the party opposite."

(Lord H-gh C-c-l.)



THE TRICK THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

*Professor B-l-f-r.* "Ladies and Gentlemen, I was about to show you my latest novelty—how I produce the pig from this gentleman's pocket, but his excessive caution makes it, I regret to say, impossible, so we will pass on to another."

[*Mr. B-l-f-r has attempted in vain to induce Sir Henry C-mph-ll-B-nn-rm-n to accept the responsibility of an Irish Vote of Censure.*]

House again went into Committee on Education Bill not to be told in really decent language. Of course none other possible to Cousin HUGH. Not the least poignant pang followed on Cousin ARTHUR's dalliance with the Doomed. He has positively shown tendency to regard Nonconformist citizen and taxpayer as if he were in same category as a Dean, or even a pew-opener in a parish church. To sit silent whilst ARTHUR has accepted, even personally moved, amendments "designed," as Cousin HUGH puts it with mixed metaphor due to momentary excitement, "to open the door to the thin end of the wedge of the Nonconformist conscience" is a discipline he accepts in

lieu of administering it to his own back with a rod, wearing a hair shirt, or invoking other aids to grace which the advance of mawkish civilization in these days looks upon askance.

But, really, after repeated doses of LLOYD-GEORGE, followed by SAM EVANS, with ELLIS GRIFFITH in reserve, over all the monumental figure that would in ancient times have been Member for Macedon, and is now content to serve Monmouth, Cousin HUGH's carefully cultured stock of patience is exhausted.

Ten minutes ago, when things were going on nicely, Committee really beginning to make progress, PRINCE ARTHUR to his blank dismay discovered Cousin HUGH on his legs making a few

remarks upon the Welsh Member. Pretty to see Cousin HUGH's gesture, as if he were holding out by the hind legs some strange and undesirable insect he had come upon in the hedgerow at Hatfield.

"There is," he said, furtively pinching the insect's leg with intent to make it squirm, "a particular violence about the Celtic temperament that really makes no course too unreasonable or too ill-natured for a Welshman to adopt. Excited by every conceivable prejudice, restrained by no sense of decency, what is to be hoped from Welsh county councils when called upon to administer the new Education Act."

Fortunately it was after seven o'clock when he interposed. Only half an hour remained of sitting. Throughout, the fat, flung into the fire, frizzled furiously; no more work done.

*Business done.*—Education Bill in Committee. Lord HUGH CECIL says a few pleasant things.

*Friday night.*—Episodes in history of Mother of Parliaments during past week naturally excite attention in Paris. *Le Temps*, under date October 21, devotes space in its *Bulletin de l'Etranger* to comment on Parliamentary method of Irish Members. Remarks introduced by reference to "*Le Speaker Bully, gardien né des privilèges de la Chambre.*" This is good. Bully for *Le Temps*. The idea evidently is that in JOHN BULL's Parliament its born guardian would naturally be named BULLY. Positive, BULL; Comparative, BULLY.

SARK differs. He believes French writer vaguely had in mind dear old BILLY, the SPEAKER's bull dog, gathered to his fathers little more than a year ago. The House and the Country lost much by the death of BILLY. To watch him walking across Palace Yard in charge of a footman, bent on taking his afternoon constitutional, was a liberal education in politics of the hour. To his dying day WALTER LONG will not forget meeting him. It happened during time when Muzzling Order was in strictest vogue. BILLY meant nothing by what followed on the rencontre; it was merely his play. But a Cabinet Minister bent on the performance of an unpleasant public duty doesn't like that sort of thing.

Another of BILLY's prejudices was the Irish Member. If, taking his walks abroad, he scented one near, his massive jaw came down with blood-curdling clang. BILLY had heard of his master's "granting the closure." This was his method of suggesting it.

Yes, I think it must have been old BILLY the *Le Temps* writer had in his mind when he discoursed on "*Bully, gardien né des privilèges de la Chambre.*"

*Business done.*—*Toujours* Education Bill.





## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

## XI.—TIME AND THE BARBER.

WITH a hand to my chin I pass through a swinging glass door and climb the staircase. Ascending in front of me is an elderly man in a straw hat, while a few steps above him I notice a white-haired gentleman of a military carriage. Not without annoyance, I recognise that I may have to wait some time before being attended to. It is afternoon, and I know from experience that the dinner of my barber and most of his assistants lasts from 12 A.M. until 3 P.M., and their tea from 3.30 until 7. Indeed, as a class, they would seem to overeat themselves more than any members of the community, and I wonder that a medical Commission has not been appointed to look into the matter.

As the military gentleman reaches the top of the steps, the elderly man behind him suddenly quickens his pace almost to a run and, pushing past, enters the shop in front of him. I follow the military gentleman inside and find him gazing indignantly at his adversary, emitting at the same time a series of angry snorts.

It is as I surmised. There is but one assistant in the shop, at present engaged in enlarging on the merits of a pink hair- tonic to a defenceless customer with a profusely lathered head. He has suspended operations at this stage, while, bottle in hand, he gives his victim a prolix *résumé* of the strides made of late in the art of "capillary nutrition." Two customers are seated on an uncomfortable bench, sulkily glaring at illustrated papers.

The assistant glances round.

"Five minutes, Sir," he observes.

The military gentleman transfers an angry stare from the elderly man to the assistant.

"What d' you mean by five minutes?" he snaps testily. "How can you be ready in five minutes, when there are several gentlemen waiting already?"

"I'm expecting the other men back every minute," explains the assistant. "They've gone to dinner."

Here the elderly gentleman puts in his word.

"Aren't there any papers?" he asks disagreeably, as he hangs his hat on a peg, disclosing a head with no tresses whatsoever on top, and a computable number round the sides. The military gentleman, remembering his grievances, darts an angry glance at him just in time to see him capture the sole remaining newspaper. With another snort he seats himself beside him on the bench, and, finding nothing to read, glares irritably at the slow but voluble progress of the assistant.

In due course the occupant of the

chair rises from the hands of the barber a finished article, suggesting an injudicious blend of foreign waiter and cockatoo.

"I'll do you up a bottle of the Vivifier, shall I, Sir?" queries the assistant.

"Er—I don't know whether I shall want any—just at present," says the customer weakly.

The assistant plies him reproachfully with a clothes-brush.

"You're surely not going to lose it all, Sir, just for want of taking it in time?"



AWFUL RESULT OF A BEEFEATER "GOING IN" FOR VEGETARIANISM.

The customer looks wildly towards his hat.

"Make you up a small five-and-sixpenny size, if you like, Sir," suggests the assistant, capturing the hat and brushing it assiduously.

"Umph! Yes, I daresay I shall have some later on," mumbles the customer, with a hunted look. "Er—I'm going away for a day or two. Perhaps, when I come back . . ."

"Send it anywhere you like for you," returns the assistant implacably.

The customer holds out an imploring hand for his hat.

"Yes, yes, I see," he says humbly; "but—but I don't know yet what my

address will be. Perhaps I'll drop you a line if—er—if I find I want it."

The assistant grudgingly surrenders him his hat, and he slinks out, a consciously contemptible object.

"Next gentleman, please," remarks the barber mechanically, as he turns back to the chair. The next gentleman has already seated himself, and is frowning impatiently at the looking-glass. Hereupon the military gentleman, who has been fuming throughout the whole dialogue, breaks out fiercely.

"Get on with your work, Sah," he growls to the man. "There is the next gentleman. How much longer do you expect to keep us here!"

Ten long minutes elapse while the two next gentlemen are shaved. Either they are regular customers or the barber has been overawed by our military friend, for no more time is expended on the Vivifier. All this time not a sign of any of the other assistants. The condition of the military gentleman is causing me grave apprehension; his exterior is every minute becoming more fiery, a symptom accompanied at frequent intervals by the sound of ominous internal rumblings.

At last the chair is vacated. The elderly man and the military gentleman rise simultaneously and move towards it. The elderly man reaches it first, and seats himself heavily; the other snorts, opens his mouth wide, thinks better of it, and sits down on the bench again. The internal rumblings become nothing short of alarming.

"Shave?" suggests the assistant with confidence, bustling up to the chair.

The elderly man darts a suspicious look at him in the glass.

"Hair cut," he snaps.

The military gentleman is evidently past appreciating the value of this opportunity. At the same time a step is heard on the stairs. He rises, still rumbling, and prepares to occupy the other chair. Straightway another customer enters.

The assistant turns round from his occupation of lining the elderly man's neck with cotton-wool.

"Ready in a minute, Sir," he remarks cheerfully.

The elderly man suddenly sits erect.

"A minute!" he gasps, indignantly. "What do you—?" But his voice is swallowed up in a greater explosion. The military gentleman has suddenly burst forth into eruption.

"What the devil do you mean, Sah?" he explodes. "How can you be ready in a minute when I'm waiting?"

"In a minute!" repeats the elderly man, bristling with indignation.

The assistant explains with nervous suavity that he is expecting the other men back every minute.

"Minute!" mutters the elderly man, resentfully.

The military gentleman is still in full eruption. "Disgraceful mismanagement!" he cries, furiously, attempting to put on my hat. "I've been waiting here for hours. I shall go somewhere else!"

Which, when he has got his own hat, he does precipitately, still in a state of volcanic discharge.

The elderly man in the chair is glaring at his own sullen reflection. The assistant, piteously crushed, selects a pair of scissors. At this point another assistant enters, brushing crumbs from a symmetrical moustache.

"Here," says the elderly man sourly, "send this man away. I want my hair cut."

The newcomer hesitates, glances at his colleague, then goes to the chair.

"Hair cut, Sir; yes, Sir." I take the other place, and the original assistant lathers my chin with a silence that is far more pathetic than words. The man at the next chair (after one unfortunate attempt to introduce the topic of the Vivifier) has also relapsed into peace.

There is silence in the barber's shop save for the snip and scrape of scissors and razor.

#### "O WAD SOME POWER—."

"[On the English railways people seem always to travel without a ticket. A glass of beer with an official at the starting point and another at the journey's end are all the necessary expenditure.]—*Courier de la Bourse*, Brussels.]

#### From the "Brussels Sprout."

It is not necessary to possess an account at, or a cheque on, an English bank in order to draw money out. A revolver pointed at the head of the cashier is enough.

#### From the "Independent Bilge."

In English political life possession of means is all that is needful to command success. We hear from a private source that Lord CHAMBERLAIN is only waiting until he has saved up enough money to buy the Premiership from Sir BALFOUR. The latter, it is said, is asking a higher price than usual, as he wants cash to purchase Palace Yard from the Speaker, in order to turn it into a golf course.

#### From the "Amsterdam Lyre."

To prove that the corrupting influence of Great Britain extends to her Colonies we may say that the Australian cricketers who recently visited England paid a large fee in order to be allowed to win the Test matches. On these principles are conducted the athletic exercises on which the nation of shopkeepers so greatly prides itself!

#### From the "Courrier de Ghent-Aix."

In Great Britain an election is a very



"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT FISH HAVE ANY APPRECIATION OF COLOUR?"

"CERTAINLY. LOOK WHAT A LOT THAT OLD CHAP WITH THE NOSE HAS CAUGHT!"

simple thing. It is a question merely of which candidate can hand over the larger gratuity to the returning officers. So well known and so openly condoned is this practice, that in the event of neither candidate's offer being handsome enough the officials decline to declare anyone elected.

We learn on going to press that CHAMBERLAIN'S net profit on the South African atrocities is £1,505,623; while BRODRICK'S is £673,520. Such are English statesmen!

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Together at last! In this instance instead of Church sermonising Stage it was "Stage," as represented by Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT last Thursday at Leeds, lecturing "Church,"

in the person of the Bishop of RIPON, and others of—as SAM GERRIDGE hath it—"the nobility, clergy and gentry." Friendly Leeds! Sir SQUIRE read them all a lesson on reading the lessons. His subject (as reported) was "preaching and reading the gospel." How much more in his line, as experienced theatrical ex-manager and comedian, would have been a discourse on how to read the Acts! By the way, the report of the proceedings goes on to note that "among the audience there were many candidates for Orders." These gentlemen had evidently forgotten that Sir SQUIRE, having renounced theatrical managership, has no longer any "orders" at his disposal. What a disappointment for some of them!



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Confessions of a Wife* (GRANT RICHARDS) inevitably recall *The Letters of an Englishwoman*. The book is none the worse for that, and Miss MARY ADAMS varies the resemblance by placing the scene in the United States and illuminating the dialogue with a few Americanisms. The story is told partly by letters, partly by a diary. Like the epistolary *Englishwoman*, the American *Wife* is passionately in love with a quite inferior male creature. On him she lavishes the affection of a fervid heart and the wealth of the Anglo-American language. The interest is widened by the circumstance that the wife is deeply loved by a rejected suitor, a doctor by profession, who, with every temptation to relieve his early love of a worthless husband, devotes himself successfully to the task of rescuing him from the lowest stage of degradation and recalling him to life. My Baronite frankly confesses that in similar circumstances he could not have been unreservedly trusted. There is no particular use in a creature of the stamp of *Dana Herwin* continuing to live at the expense of better people. However, the doctor is a fine sturdy soul, and the wife writes profoundly interesting letters.

"I suppose," quoth the Baron, addressing one of his Junior Baronites, "that as soon as the ship of Father Christmas appears in the offing, the public begin to be stimulated by Christmassy and Picturebooky instincts. And as to the new eccentric pictorial series, no doubt," continues the Baron, after perusing two "picture-books" with coloured illustrations, "that the adventures of our friends, the comparatively recently invented *Golliwogs* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., which are not the names of the Golliwogs, but of the publishers), in an *Airship* and at the *North Pole*, as cleverly drawn by Miss FLORENCE UPTON, will obtain a fresh lease of popularity.

Two Christmas books with Rabbit-heroes. The first, "*The Bunny Book for Babes and their Betters*, written and illustrated by T. B. A." (NISBET & Co.), is rather an amateurish composition as far as the illustrations are concerned, nor are the verses much above the average nursery rhymes. Babes may be pleased, but how about "their Betters?"

The second "Rabbit Book" is a delightful little pocket-volume (FREDERICK WARNE & Co.). It is the *Tale of Peter Rabbit*, with which the children will fall in love at once. Plenty of capital pictures, bright in colour and lively in



Mr. Meek's mother-in-law, without his knowledge, has come evidently to stay for a long time.

Mr. Meek (who is somewhat short-sighted). "Ah, glad to see you. I do hope you'll STOP TO DINNER!"

execution, does BEATRIX POTTER give the small readers for whom this little book is primarily intended. It deserves success.

In the unavoidable dearth of Dog-days at this time of the year, my Nautical Retainer the more heartily welcomes the unique journal of a rough-haired terrier as illustrated by Mr. CECIL ALDIN. The drawings in *A Dog-Day* (HEINEMANN) are exceptionally lifelike and charming, and the letter-press, by Mr. WALTER EMANUEL, is a model of terse humour.

The Baron must be among the first to congratulate Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, the historian of *Punch*, on the present number of the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL), which is the first under his experienced editorship. The sepia engraving of "A

*Woodland Fairy*," by JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., is a charming reproduction; and the frontispiece, in colours, from the picture by BYAM SHAW, R.I., recently exhibited in the Dowdeswell Galleries, is most effective. "Yet methinks," quoth the Baron, "that Mr. SPIELMANN, as editor, is somewhat too lavish in his promised gifts of valuable works of art to his persevering patrons." Granted that, as art needs encouragement, it may be occasionally judicious to encourage its patrons with a "bonus" in the shape of a work by some acknowledged master, ancient or modern. Without such inducement, the *Magazine of Art*, so far as can be judged from this excellent specimen of it, will be well worth a place in every well-ordered library such as is possessed by

THE COLLECTING BARON DE BOOK-WORMS